Pinkie Pie bounced with a seemingly endless amount of energy around the Pyro. The Pyro held up one hand and signaled to the student that the training would now begin. Pinkie Pie froze in mid jump, suspended in midair for longer than the Pyro thought was naturally possible before falling down.

“Oh ok so what do we started with first?”

The Pyro muffled several noises, all the while Pinkie listened attentively. When the Pyro finished, Pinkie laughed and said chuckling slightly,

“Oh Pyro, you’re so random.”

Rolling her eyes, she picked up a customized flame thrower.

“Oooh what does this thing do?”

 She tested it experimentally, and almost lit the Pyro ablaze! After hearing an angry rant from her teacher, she held up a hoof.

 “Hang on I can’t understand you here, this should do the trick.”

With that she grabbed one of her party hats and placed it over her mouth.

“Muph muph muph?”

The Pyro answered.

“Muph muph- take that off, I know you are trying to make fun of me. Oh why do even bother; it is not like you understand me…”

The Pyro looked away. Pinkie Pie smiled and laughed beneath her party hat.

“Of course I can understand you silly, so how about you show me how to really work this thing?”

Taken aback by the sudden realization that someone could actually understand them, the Pyro was silent for a moment.

 “How is that even possible, it’s just a regular old party hat?”

Pinkie just bounced around her confused teacher.

“Finally, I get someone I can actually talk to, and they just bounce around me like a maniac?”

Pyro sighed, “I should have known…”

“Ok, ok enough of that, it is time that I teach you how to use the flame thrower, so you don’t burn me ok?”

Pinkie turned toward her teacher with a huge grin.

“Okie dokie lokie.”

The Pyro stopped and cocked their head in confusion.

“What?”

Pinkie Pie was about to reply when the RED scout appeared and smacked the Pyro in the head with his bat. The Pyro hit the ground with the thud and the Scout ran off toward an abandoned house. Pinkie Pie was suddenly very angry. No one hurts her friends, especially if she had not even thrown them a welcome party yet. Granted, they were the ones coming to a new place, but Pinkie didn’t care. She just loved to throw parties for everypony (as well as any other living creature) that she met. She scooped up the flame thrower and approached the home. The Scout had worked quickly and nailed up the door leading in, but Pinkie saw another way in… Letting out a giggle, she started to climb up to the roof.

The RED Scout had just finished sealing up the door and begun planning his escape route, when he heard a giggle and a loud “Weeeee” coming from… the fire place? He approached the fire pit carefully, and jumped back when the pink pony with a party cone on her face appeared before him, hanging upside down and slightly covered in soot.

“H-how did you get in here?”

The pony giggled,

 “I can think outside the box, which means I can also think inside the chimney…”

The Scout scratched his head.

“Umm… ok?”

Then the pony’s eyes narrowed.

 “Can you think inside the chimney?”

“Wha-”

“Can you think inside the chimney?”

Pinkie asked before she pulled out her flame thrower and ignited her opponent. After she stamped out the ashes, she noticed something shiny from inside the Scout’s forgotten bag. Inside it were three Katanas and a pistol. These might come in handy, she thought to herself. Though I will need to get a especially modified mask to hold the third blade. With that, she shimmied back up the chimney and went over to check up on the Pyro. She found the Pyro leaning against the wall, with the trademark mask off. With HER trademark mask off.

“Well, I knew my Pinkie senses were on to something.”

She said and cheerfully bounced over to her friend. The Pyro glanced up, and realized her secret was blown.

 “Please Pinkie Pie, don’t tell anyone, I am not sure how the others would feel, knowing I am a girl and all…”

“I won’t tell, I promise.”

The Pyro looked up.

 “Really?”

Pinkie made her well-practiced, patented hoof motions.

 “Cross my heart and hope to fly, stick a cupcake in my eye!”

The Pyro stared at her friend for a moment.

 “Right, well I trust you Pinkie Pie; say what do you have there?”

 The soon to be pyro party pony smiled.

“Just my secondary weapon (lifting out the pistol) for when my flames won’t do the trick and my melee weapons for when they (or I) get to close,” and showed her the set of Katanas.

 “How did you know you would need those?” Pyro asked, dumbfounded.

Pinkie Pie laughed and began to bounce toward the mess hall.

“Well duh, this was what I was using in the Mane 6 video, it only made sense.”

The Pyro scratched her head,

“The what now?”

But Pinkie ignored her and asked, “You want to go make cupcakes with me?”

 The Pyro sighed, seeing that she was not going to get an answer anytime soon.

“Alright sure, but I’m not much of a cook, I don’t know how to make cupcakes …”

Pinkie just laughed as she opened the door for them.

“Oh that is easy to fix…”

And burst into song as she led the way into the kitchen.

“All you got to do is take a cup of flour…”